

## The Evening World's Beauty and Health Column

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

Through This Column Miss Furlong Will Reply to Women Readers' Questions Regarding Exercise, Diet and Other Means of Preserving Good Health and Good Looks.

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In order to properly and intelligently care for the body we must know the composition of it and of what substances it is made, and through which it is nourished. Not all foods can build tissue, and foods are grouped into five classes: proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral matter and water. The only foods which can build tissue are those which contain nitrogen, because the cells and tissues of the body contain nitrogen. Proteins contain carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and sulphur, and are the most important of all foods for the upkeep of the human body, because they build tissues and also act as generators of heat and energy. Proteins, mineral matter and water also build tissue, and these foods should be taken in some form at least once each day.

Protein foods make blood, muscle, bone, skin, sinew, and are found in lean meats, mutton, codfish, gluten of flour, whites of eggs, cheese, grains, nuts, peas, beans, lentils, dried fruits, etc.

The fats are the heat foods and are composed of fat of meats, pork, goose, mutton, butter, oil, milk, cream, yolks of eggs, cheese, nuts and fatty portions of some grains, and some vegetables, including sweet potatoes, parsnips, artichokes and several others in small quantities.

The carbohydrates are composed of starches and sweets, dates, raisins, prunes, figs, white flour, rice, potatoes and sugar, and are valuable as work foods. They are sometimes transformed into fat and serve as fuel in the body.

The mineral matter, water and fresh air taken into the system also act as work food and heat producers.

**Letters from Readers.**  
**FAT ON SHOULDER BLADES.**—MRS. G. T. H. asks: "Which is the best exercise to remove fat from the shoulder blades?"

Arm swinging in large circles with two-pound dumbbells is the best exercise. Bag punching, when convenient, is also recommended. Have some one give you heavy massage with an ordinary rolling pin to help remove it. This fat is caused by the light corset, which prevents the circulation of the blood through these parts and thereby forces this excess fat in bunches on the shoulder blades. It is practically dead and inert tissue.

**CARROTS.**—PAULINE T. writes: "Is it true that carrots are good for the liver and yellow skin? Is coconut oil good for graying hair and dry scalp?"

Carrots, like tomatoes, stimulate the liver, due to the carotin which they contain. Yes, coconut oil is good to use as a massage for graying hair, which is the result of excessively dry scalp.

**PUFFS UNDER EYES.**—SARAH T. writes: "What causes puffs under the eyes and what will remove them?"

They may be the result of kidney trouble, loss of rest, and sometimes heart trouble. Find the cause of them by consulting a physician for this is the only way to cure them. They may be the result of lowered vitality. Get much rest and drink freely of water. Do not eat much red meat.

**TO REDUCE BREAST.**—MRS. LAURA D. asks: "Will you please tell me how to reduce large, fatty breasts? I have consulted a physician three times and received no answer, is camphor effective for this purpose?"

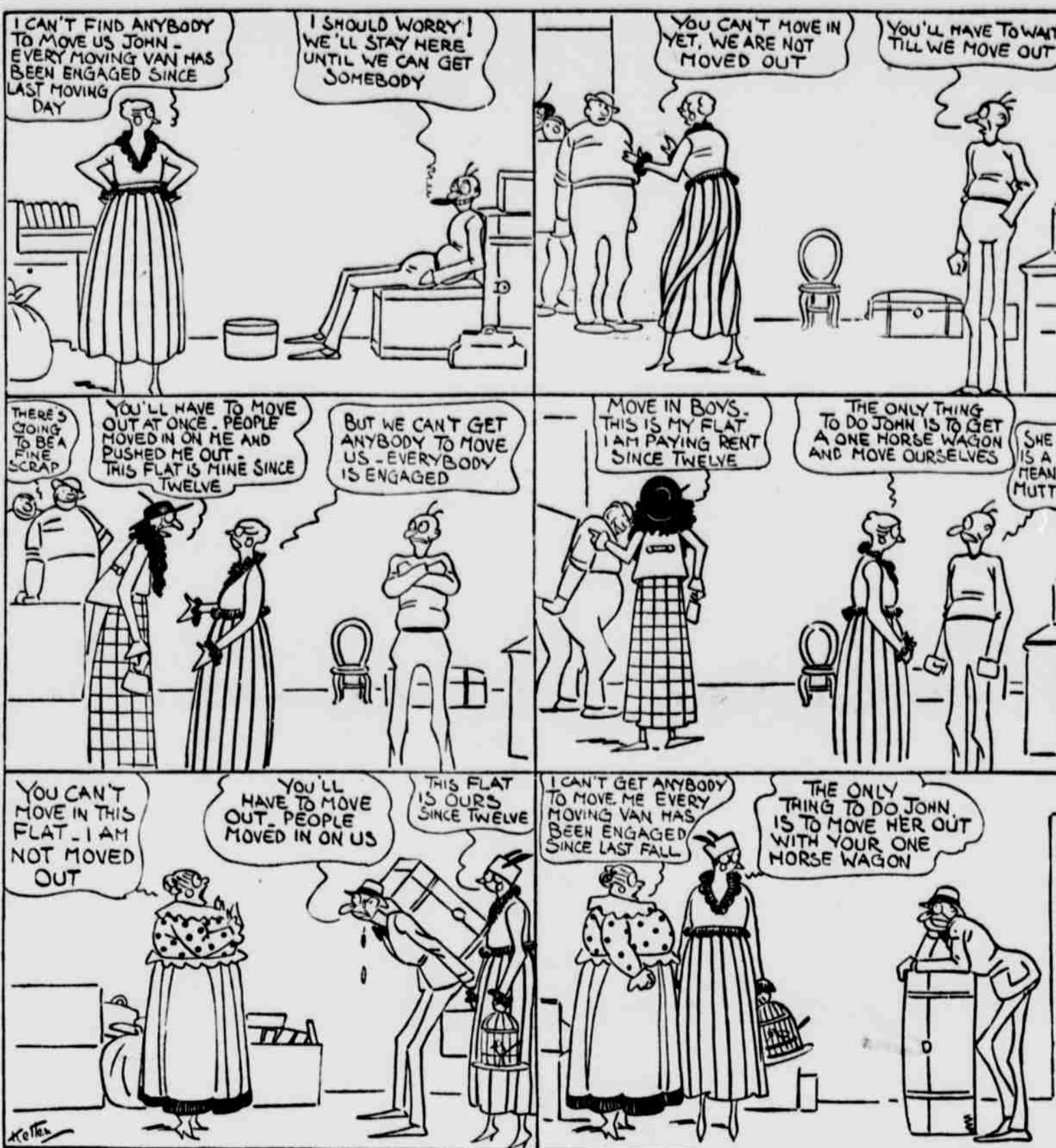
Camphor destroys the milk glands and should therefore not be used to reduce the breast. The high, tight

**\$100 IN PRIZES.**  
**THE EVENING WORLD'S Figure Improvement Contest.**  
**Wanted.**  
Six **STOUT** women who wish to decrease their weight and measurements, and  
Six **THIN** women who desire to gain weight and build up their figures.  
Contest open to one **STOUT** woman and one **THIN** woman from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Richmond Boroughs and the State of New Jersey.  
The twelve chosen applicants will have only ten days to follow a new two months' course of diet and exercise prepared by MISS PAULINE FURLONG and which will be published daily in THE EVENING WORLD.  
The **STOUT** woman who makes the most progress in reduction and the **THIN** woman who achieves the greatest development will each be presented by THE EVENING WORLD with FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD.  
Contestants' names will not be published.  
Applications must be made in writing to "Figure Improvement Contest," Evening World, N. Y. 6 Park Row, New York City. Each applicant must furnish certificate from physician stating that she is physically fit to undertake the contest course, and that the applicant's present condition is not hereditary nor due to any organic trouble, disease or operation; must give applicant's age, height and weight. Only women not younger than TWENTY-FIVE or older than THIRTY-FIVE years of age may enter the contest.  
Contest will be started as soon as the twelve contestants have been selected.

## The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



## Original Designs for The Home Dressmaker

Advice in the Selection of Materials and Styles for All Types Furnished by The Evening World's Expert.

By Mildred Lodewick

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## Description

**A** LITTLE any light weight woolen fabric is suitable for the design I am showing. The front view suggests what might be tan wool poplin, combined with some novelty checked goods. Very distinctive in the manner in which the straps at the front form themselves into a collar at the back. The girle, gaping in front, is held with brass button links, and the waistcoat suggestion emphasized by the sporty fob which drops from the tiny pocket. The circular bands on the skirt are turned upside down just to be on the contrary. If black satin or taffeta were desired for this design a lovely effect would be achieved with rose or dull green voile in a silk and wool texture. The circular bands should be finished with a cording of the voile turned over from their linings. Bead buttons to link the girle and trim the skirt, and a lead tassels to accentuate the point of the collar, are characteristic finishing touches.

ATTRACTIVE DESIGN SUITABLE FOR LIGHT WEIGHT WOOLLEN FABRIC.

## Answers to Queries.

**Dear Fashion Editor:**  
I have a dark blue serge dress from last year which I would like to remodel. As I have a grown stouter, will have to insert some new fabric, and hope you can help me. Am 32 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches tall, have dark hair and eyes, and fair complexion.  
**D. A.**  
Insert either blue satin or serge if you have a pattern. Blue velvet bands, blue and purple braiding on pockets, white silk collar.  
**Dear Fashion Editor:**  
I have four yards of tan broadcloth like saddle white. I ask your aid in developing it. Thought to use rose velvet in some way, with head embroidery, which I would do myself. Am twenty-eight years of age, size 36.  
**E. T.**  
Rose velvet revers and cuffs, tan chiffon sleeves, tan chemise and upper skirt, rose head embroidery.  
**Dear Fashion Editor:**  
I am fifteen years of age and in school. Have six yards of black wool poplin and expect to make a jacket of it. Can you suggest a style which will not look too out of date next year? Am forty years of age, 37-inch bust.  
**MRS. H.**  
Black satin or velvet revers, double belt of material with run-metal buckles.

## S A M

Love Clashes With Pride in This Delightful Story of a Summer Girl's Flirtations

By E. J. Rath

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CHAPTER I.  
Sam, the Boat Per on.

**M**ISS CHALMERS stood on the wharf at Clayton, poised upon one foot, while she employed the other in executing alternate taps, denoting impatience, and vigorous stamping, by which she registered rage. Even the half-grown boy who had volunteered to find her a boatman knew that she was angry.

Miss Chalmers' shoe might have protested had it possessed a voice, for it was new and spotless and of delicate constitution. With its mate, it had cost Miss Chalmers twenty dollars.

It was dark and clear and warm—somewhat after nine o'clock of an August night. There were gleams of light upon the St. Lawrence. It was an evening for poetry and romance and beauty—if only the last steamer had not departed.

The boy came back and confirmed his previous impression that no other boat would stop that night at Witherbee's island.

"It's absurd—excusable!" exclaimed Miss Chalmers sharply. "How am I not to get that boat?"

On the wharf at Clayton, a man, smoking a pipe, "Looking for a boat?" he asked. Miss Chalmers was annoyed at the phrasing; never yet had she "looked for" a man.

"I must go to Mr. Stephen Witherbee's island—to-night," she said. "You mean?"

The boatman twisted his head and regarded her with undisguised astonishment.

"That's a good tip," he observed, after satisfying his eyes. Whereupon he primed the engine, and the boat buzzed away from the wharf.

Well out into the American channel, the boatman shifted his helm and headed the launch downstream. He was smoking again, leaning back comfortably against the coaming, his long legs stretched out so that his feet were braced against the nearest trunk.

An hour passed. Miss Chalmers extended her hand close to a flickering lantern that stood on the floor of the cockpit and examined the dial of her wrist-watch.

"How far have we gone?" she demanded.

"Oh, seven or eight miles," answered the boatman. "You mean to tell me this boat cannot do better than seven or eight miles an hour?"

"She has done better," answered the boatman. "She did eleven once. But she was new then, and her bottom was clean, and her cylinder wasn't full of carbon, and she didn't leak, and her carburetor didn't have asthma, and she didn't have six trunks on board, and—"

There was the jingling of a bell from across the water. Then a sharp popping at broken intervals, and the dark outline of a yacht began to loom.

"Ahoy!" screamed Miss Chalmers. "Never mind!" roared her boatman. Miss Chalmers fought for self-control. She had a passionate desire to alay, but lacked a convenient means.

"I would like to know," she said, struggling to quiet her voice, "why you did that?"

"Reasons? What reasons?" "Sorry. Can't explain."

Miss Chalmers sat down with a gasp and tried to consider the situation. For several minutes she remained silent, watching him as he fussed about the machinery in an amateurish fashion.

"Out of the way!" She commanded. He moved to make a place for her, and once more she knelt on the grassy flooring. Very patiently, considering the state of her emotions, Miss Chalmers went over the engine again.

"Where's your gas tank?" she demanded. "Forward. But you needn't look there. There's plenty of it in the air."

She seized the lantern and began brushing her way past the boatman and the trunk and uncrewed the cap. The aperture was large enough to admit her hand and arm; in she plunged them resolutely. The tank was nearly full. She replaced the cap and crawled aft again.

Then the boatman did a strangely considerate thing. He turned his back and pretended to be doing something to the engine, while Miss Chalmers slipped down from the trunk and shook her skirts about her ankles.

She made a mental note of it. He moved the lantern while Miss Chalmers explored the gas-line, beginning at the carburetor. Presently they arrived at an obstacle in the shape of the passenger's baggage.

"Move that grip," was her next order. He yanked the reamed bag from its place of safety and she craned her head into the opening. A few seconds later she withdrew it and bestowed upon the boatman a look of unutterable contempt.

"Get down here," she said. "Poke your head in there."

He obeyed. Miss Chalmers also poked her head in, so that wisps of her brown hair brushed his unshaven cheeks.

"Now, do you see that little handle there?" she inquired.

## Another Craig Kennedy Story

## THE DEATH THOUGHT

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

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